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coconut wood. Generally one or two sides of the *balé* are protected by a low wall and between the house posts are built-in beds or platforms of wood with springs of bamboo, also called *balés*, where distinguished guests sit cross-legged to eat, or where, with a mattress added and screened by a curtain, they are put up for the night.

In Belaluan everybody was up even before the first rays of the sun outlined the jagged tops of the coconut palms, awakened by the raucous crowings of the fighting cocks. In the indigo semi-darkness of the dawn the women were busily sweeping the yard and bringing water from the village spring. The first thought of the men was for their pets; to line up the bell-shaped cages of the fighting cocks out on the road by the gate so that the roosters might "amuse themselves watching people go by." The cages of the cooing doves were strung up on high poles for them to enjoy the morning air and the sunshine, and the flocks of pigeons, trained to fly in circles over the house, were released for their morning exercise. As protection from birds of prey, they had small brass bells around their necks that produced various humming sounds as they flew round and round until they tired, when they came down to be fed.

After a refreshing bath the men started for the fields without breakfast, taking along a snack – rice boiled inside of little diamond-shaped containers of palm-leaf called *ketipat*. More substantial food was taken to them later if they had to remain in the fields all day, but they returned at noon for lunch if there was not much work or if the *sawas* were near. Meanwhile the women fetched sheaves of unhusked rice from the granary, spread them on the ground to dry in the sun, filled the *gebah* – the large water-basin in the kitchen – and started the fire for the day's cooking. A kitchen is a simple roof of coarse thatch supported by four posts, with a bamboo platform at one end – the kitchen table – and a primitive mud stove at the other. Often a crude figure is modelled out of the same clay of which the hearth is made to

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ing was placed on the ground. Nobody cared, however, since they were intended for evil spirits, which might, perhaps, be embodied in the dogs.

There were no set meal hours and they ate whenever they felt hungry. A little before noon the men returned from work after

Manner of Drinking
(design scratched on a bamboo drinking-bottle)

taking a bath in the spring or in a river and sat casually somewhere near the kitchen, often turning their backs silently on each other because a person who is eating should not be spoken to. Each was given his portion of rice with its complementary sauce in a square of banana leaf which he held in the hollow of the left hand while the right acted as spoon and fork. The use of dishes and cutlery is to the Balinese an unclean and repulsive foreign habit. Balinese who use plates invariably place a square

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of banana leaf over them. When finished, the leaf dishes were simply thrown to the pigs; no dishes were left to wash. A *kendih* of water was passed around after the meal, each drinking in turn and at a distance from it, letting a continuous jet of water fall into the open mouth, the lips never touching the spout. (When we tried to drink like the Balinese we succeeded only in choking or drenching ourselves.) The mouth and fingers were rinsed, and after emitting a loud belch of satisfaction the men took a nap or went to the *balé bandjar* to chat before resuming work. Generally the women ate after the men were finished, then fed the pigs, and spent the rest of the afternoon weaving, threshing rice, or simply delousing each other, a great social pastime.

For a while it seemed as if the art of hand weaving would be wrecked by the ever increasing importation of foreign cloth. Chinese silk thread was hard to obtain, aniline dyes gave brighter hues and were infinitely easier to handle than the old vegetable dyes, and Japanese rayon for a few cents a yard looked almost like real silk. In later years, however, the affluence of tourists has increased the market for Balinese handicrafts and many women derive an income from selling garish brocades. On our second visit the women of our household took to weaving and every afternoon the characteristic rhythmic sounds of many looms came from all directions.

On the Balinese loom (*prabot tennun*) the warp is stretched between a heavy wooden structure (*tjetjaga* and *pendalan*) and a sort of yoke (*épor*) shaped like a Cupid's bow held by the woman's back. After the bamboo spindle (*tunda*) has gone through the warp, the weave is tightened with a long ruler (*belida*) of polished hard wood that slides over a bamboo drum (*pengrorogan*), while the threads are separated with a bamboo tube (*bungbunggan*) provided with little bells that jingle at every move. Thus the work is made easier by the rhythmical sequence of three sounds: the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the hollow bamboo as it is struck by the ruler, and the energetic double knock to tighten the weave. Weaving is the main

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occupation of the women of caste who feel above doing heavy house labour, but they are not lazy and take to weaving with tenacity. In our house the wives and aunts of our host, all noble-women with servants to do the housework, remained all day

Loom (*Prabot Tennun*)

A — Pendalan
B — Tjetjaga
C — Pengrorogan
D — Selaran
E — Bungbunggan
F — Yenining
G — Belida
H — Srat
I — Sumpil
J — Apit
K — Épor
L — Tunda

glued to their looms and often continued working into the night by the faint light of a petrol lamp.

Towards evening the ground of the house shook, resounding with deep, rhythmic thumping – the women threshing the rice for the next day's meal. Two women pounded the rice in wood mortars with long, heavy pestles, each dropping her pestle alternately in unfailing, perfectly timed intervals, catching it on the rebound with the other hand. Then the rice was separated from

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the husk by swishing it around in flat bamboo trays, the centrifugal force throwing the chaff towards the outside.

Everybody bathed again when the work for the day was done; by then the sun had begun to set and the atmosphere had cooled, so it was time to put on clean clothes, *tjempaka* blossoms in the women's hair, great hibiscus behind the ears of the men, and to go visiting or take a stroll and be admired. Back from work, the men sat in groups at the gates or in the middle of the road talking and fondling their fighting cocks until the sun dropped behind the curtain of coconut palms. Sunset[2] comes suddenly in the tropics and in a few seconds it was night, when the lamps were lit and it was time to eat dinner, the cold food left from lunch. There were many ways of spending an evening; elderly men fond of *tuak*, palm beer, belonged to "*tuak* associations" and met at the *balé bandjar*, summoned by a special tomtom. Or if there was a rehearsal of the village orchestra or a meeting at the *balé bandjar*, the men sat talking things over until they were tired, going to bed about nine or ten. But if there was a feast in the neighbourhood, or one of the frequent theatrical performances, the whole family went to watch the show, remaining until it was over, long after midnight.

BALINESE COOKING

Although the daily meal was frugal, the Balinese seemed exceptionally well fed, and people were always nibbling at some-

[2] The Balinese divide the day into eight periods (dauh) established by the position of the sun in the sky:

"One o'clock" (*dauh pisan*)	about 6 a.m., when the sun appears behind the trees.
"Two o'clock" (*dauh roh*)	about 8 a.m.
"Three o'clock" (*dauh telú*)	10 a.m.
"Four o'clock" (*dauh tepat*)	at noon.
"Five o'clock" (*dauh lima*)	about 2 p.m.
"Six o'clock" (*dauh nam*)	at 4 p.m.
"Seven o'clock" (*dauh pitú*)	at 6 p.m., when the sun goes down.
"Eight o'clock" (*dauh kutus*)	when it grows dark and the lamps are lit.

Generally the Balinese simply point to the place of the sun in the sky to indicate an hour. The night is divided thus: from sunset (*penalekan*), then midnight (*tenggah lemang*), to *galang tanah*, before dawn, when the earth becomes visible. Friederich mentions that in Badung there was a special *kulkul* in a clock-tower in which the hours were struck.

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In olden times men wore the hair long, but nowadays the younger generation cuts it short like Europeans. The women's hair should be long, thick, and glossy, heavily anointed with perfumed coconut oil in which flowers are macerated. The hair is kept in condition by washing it in concoctions of herbs.

When a Balinese has nothing to do he squats on the ground and pulls hairs from his face with two coins or with special tweezers, and women remove the hair under the armpits with porous volcanic stones. Some men wear moustaches, which are considered elegant, but only priests wear beards. It is a sign of distinction to wear the fingernails long, often four inches or more, showing that the wearer does not have to do manual work. Priests may wear the nails of both hands long, but the average well-to-do Balinese lets them grow only on the left hand. In Tenganan I have seen young girls wearing nail-protectors five inches long made of solid gold.

The teeth are ceremoniously filed at puberty to shorten them and make them even. Old-fashioned Balinese blacken them with a sort of lacquer that supposedly protects the teeth from the devastating effects of betel-nut. However, since betel-chewing is losing favour, young people keep their teeth white by polishing them with ashes, although in many cases the molars are blackened, and the front teeth left white. The custom of filing and blackening the teeth, which is widespread throughout Malaysia, has its roots in animistic ritual, to avoid having the long, white teeth of dogs. In Bali today the teeth are filed mainly for æsthetic reasons, since long teeth are ugly.

It is plain that the refined and sensitive Balinese make the most of their daily routine, leading a harmonious and exciting, although simple existence, making an art of the elemental necessities of daily life — dress, food, and shelter.

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It was nearing sunset. A procession started for the Meeting of Rivers, the *champuh*, a holy place some half hour's walk distant from the village. About fifty relatives and friends of the twin family accompanied I Lèwèr and Ni Jungir. Women carried on their heads baskets containing the old clothes of the unclean ones, and all the utensils and receptacles for food which had been in their possession before the disaster and had not been consumed in the *kubu* fire. Arrived at the *champuh* all these things were cast away into the water (*anyudang*) which leads down to the sea. There were prayers and a few offerings, and then these people rushed into the icy water to cleanse themselves thoroughly of the *sĕbĕl* state. The *pusuh*, the pseudo-twin, was cast away also into the stream. On their return Ni Jungir, carrying her child, walked still armed with the knife and the onion, but I Lèwèr, having cast away his twin, had no longer any need for his weapon.

I Lèwèr and Ni Jungir and the remaining twin were at last purified. They were taken into the house of his brother, where they warmed themselves at the evening fire, and were glad that they might once again sleep in security within the walls of their village. There, with two families crowded into one tiny house, they would have to remain for some months. I Lèwèr meant to rebuild his house on the former site, which stands waiting and bare. But for the time he has no resources to buy the necessary materials — all that he had in cash and in wordly goods has gone in turning off the curse of the birth of the twins. From the labor of his hands and from the fruit of his land he will in time reestablish his homestead.

That night there was no more village activity. Each family retired to its house, where the fires were burning, the women crouching beside them frying meat left over from the offerings. The men sat upon the raised *balé's* on either side of the hearth, and the children squatted on the floor, or sat quietly in the laps of their grandfathers, listening to the talk of their elders. We were guests in the house of the *Prĕbĕkĕl*, the headman of the village by order

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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mine visited the temple on that day, accompanied by his two wives and two children, approximately eight and ten years old. All carried offerings and supplies of food and betel for the journey, but no member of the little group could be said to be heavily laden. They started "in the hour before dawn," which would be about five o'clock in the morning. When I arrived at the temple by motor they were seated outside taking their meal, having already made their prayers and presented their offerings. Shortly afterward they must have started homeward, for I passed them on my return, proceeding at an even steady pace along the road. At half-past three in the afternoon they reached home, apparently not the least exhausted by their walk of over fifty miles, as registered on the speedometer of my car. Even if one assumes that they spent only half-an-hour at the temple, they covered the fifty miles in ten hours, averaging certainly no less than five miles an hour. The road led up and down over several steep hills, and at least half of the way through arid fields, with no tree to give shade. This family, whose expedition I was able to time, was only one of hundreds visiting the temple on that day, and their excursion was in no sense unusual.

Physical Exertion and Well-Being

A great part of the land lying between the high mountain district and the shore is formed in longitudinal ridges which run parallel to each other, and no great distance apart. Between these ridges are the steep-walled ravines, where the rivers flow, and where are found most of the drinking and bathing springs. Villages are apt to be placed on the high ground, so that in inter-village traffic, walkers going North and South follow an easy up or down grade along the top of the ridge. But a person travelling East and West finds many a steep climb and precipitous descent along his path. Every member of the family is accustomed to go down at least once a day to the river or the bathing-place for his bath, and many must climb up and down several times in a day—the women and girls carrying water for household needs, the men going to and fro in their work in the steeply terraced rice-fields, the small boys escorting their special charges, the ducks and the water buffalo, down from the dry ground for their daily immersion. Mothers carry babies on their hips, at the same time balancing a forty-pound jar of water on their heads, yet never do they waver in their erect posture nor vary their slow even pace on the steep and often slippery incline. Little girls of five